1:Du Bois E-5 (1938-1939) 1944
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122 Dr. Kardiner at this point contributed funds to the Social Science Research Council of Columbia which that Council supplemented to permit me to undertake field work. Meanwhile, he continued the seminar with Dr. Linton for the two years that I was away, and from these four years' experience Dr. Kardiner wrote *The Individual and His Society*. In the meantime, others in the field of depth psychology and anthropology were working eagerly on the *rapprochement* between these two fields, to the mutual benefit of both disciplines. Historians, sociologists, and political scientists contributed also to the breadth and depth of inquiries in this area. Increasingly pertinent questions were asked and increasingly satisfactory solutions suggested. Differences of viewpoint arose, as they will in any new, vigorous, and still inchoate discipline; but these differences served only to sharpen the sophistication of those who were convinced of the far-reaching practical as well as theoretical importance, for the modern world, of understanding what gives groups of people common character structures.

121 In looking for an area in which to pursue such studies, I searched for one in which gross pathologies were reported to be present, since it seemed to me at the time that by the very grossness of its manifestations pathology could be more clearly understood than normality. Siberia, with its Arctic hysteria, and the East Indies, with lata and amok, suggested themselves. Linguistically, climatically, and politically the Indies seemed more practical than Siberia. Consultation with Dr. Kennedy at Yale and Dr. Josselin de Jong at the University of Leyden led me to select the island of Alor for field work. Actually, Alor provided neither of the Indonesian pathologies which I had anticipated, but the culture was immediately so interesting and challenging, so little affected by European contacts, that my preconceptions were fortunately swept aside.

122 When the choice of field fell upon the Netherlands Indies, I began studying Dutch and then, via Dutch, Malay, which is the *lingua franca* of the area. Neither language went very fast until I reached Alor in 1938. There I was forced to use what passed for Dutch with the seven or eight Netherlands officials on the island. Ali, the Javanese boy I had brought from Batavia, understood only Malay. For better or for worse both languages had to be used and in them I developed fluency if not elegance.

123 Ali stayed for only six months before returning to his family in Java. Like myself he was a foreign influence in the village, which, for my purposes, was best left as little disturbed as possible. He was, more-

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over, a gentleman of wealth and prestige to the Alorese, and he was a Moslem. It was evident that the villagers had an eye for litigation where their women were concerned, and that was a source of trouble it seemed wise to avoid. To Ali I entrusted all the care of establishing a household in an island unfamiliar and remote to us both. This duty he discharged with such skill, tact, and devotion that I have never lived so carefree a domestic existence in areas replete with what pass for civilized conveniences. To Ali was entrusted also the training of five Alorese boys, one from each of the five villages in the valley where I worked. Five boys may seem an excessive staff, but in this way no one of them had too much unaccustomed work, and each was free to play a normal part in village affairs, and I had the inestimable advantage of an informant and host in each community. Also, as I learned later, the impartial distribution of cash wages stood me in good stead.

The choice of the village in which I was to work involved long sessions with the radjah of Alor and several horseback trips into the interior. When I chose Atimelang, the radjah was obviously reluctant. He feared and distrusted these savage mountaineers who had been embroiled in the murder of his uncle, the former radjah, some twenty years before. His "kapitan," however, was willing to vouch for my safety, and two hours after the decision was reached, I had purchased the corn crop growing on the land where my house was to be built overlooking the dance place. The floor plan of the kind of house I had designed in terms of local building ability was staked out—a verandah, a living room, two bedrooms, and a store room. To one side was to be the kitchen and bath house. From the hill rising sharply back of the village, water was to be brought in a bamboo "aqueduct" from a spring which was reported to flow all year. I was assured that in two weeks the miracle would be wrought. When the Dutch controleur returned at the end of two weeks with me and the twenty-eight carriers, the house was not completed; it had barely been started. The controleur had to go back but I stayed on in the government rest shack to see the job through. The next two weeks of cajolery improved my Malay and gave me a start at the local language.

This language had not been studied before and, of course, had no written form. It seemed useful to give it some name, so I called it Abui, which is the word the local people used to designate themselves as opposed to the coastal people. From the beginning vocabularies and texts were taken down phonetically, and by the time that autobiographical material was recorded a year later, I was able to translate directly